

pertains to crime, it seems never to have known a youthful era." Not long ago the saloon-keeper repaired the building. The porch was remodeled, some gable windows were placed to adorn the front, the doors were coated with an attractive green paint and a new sign in the shape of a huge barrel was placed at the side entrance.

There is something inappropriate about the appearance of this saloon. The newness of the decorations stands out in bold contrast with the weather-beaten and time-worn stone walls. It is but the mere outward gilding of an unseemly interior. It is emblematic of sin to hide its hideousness beneath the glitter of pleasure's display. There is much in this world that is shallow. The glitter of wealth covers many a sin. The dazzle of evil allures many a young person into the bare and wretched paths of a sinful life. We should learn to look beneath the surface of things. It is a sad truth that a pretty face does not always bespeak a pure character; an elegant binding does not always insure worthy contents in a book; an imposing brown stone front and richly furnished rooms do not always promise a happy home or a place of safety and chasteness; and that "the eyes of the body are not always the eyes of the soul." The beautiful has a divine mission in uplifting the world; but, alas! it can be and often is used to serve a deceitful purpose. Look within; judge not from the outward appearance but from the heart.

The repairing of the saloon brought to us this question: "Can the saloon be repaired?" What of the lives it has blighted, the bright possibilities it has thwarted, the hopes it has shattered, the homes it has devastated, the consciences it has seared, the hearts it has broken, the talents it has wasted, the genius it has destroyed, the characters it has defamed, the men and women it has degraded, the children it has orphaned and starved, and the souls it has robbed of true life? Is there reparation for all these and a thousand other woes?

What architect can build a home? What art can adorn a marred character or what genius renew a crazed brain? What chemist's solution can wash out the scars and stains of a guilty heart? How can you repair a ruined life? We are reminded of the painfully pathetic words to which the sorrow-stricken old negro gave expression: "There be some things in this world that cannot be made over again."

There is but one flood that washes away the sin the saloon has reeked upon humanity and that is the redeeming blood of Jesus. There is but One who can make crooked paths straight and who can restore the erring, that is the Crucified Saviour. Every city, every town, every village and every home in this land is crying out for men and women who will come to this Saviour, point others to him and who will, in the power of his Spirit and with his Almighty leadership redeem souls from the irreparable ruin of the saloon.

Saloons for Children

Now where would you expect to find such a thing? Some twenty of them have been discovered in a certain city of this country, nicely fitted up, in the rear of the saloon for grown ups. Little tots are enticed into these dens, where they find toys, playthings, picture books, and are fed on sweet wines. The avowed object of these children saloons

is to breed future drunkards. The saloon people are looking to the future, and if they can implant the seeds of this vice in the young, there will come up a generation of drinkers to sustain the saloons of the future. Yes, where would you expect to find this exasperating form of iniquity. In New York? Perish the thought. You should not slander such a pure and reputable city. No, it is in Chicago, and of course you are not surprised. It seems that there is a Dr. Parkhurst in Chicago, and he has very much the same characteristics as his New York namesake. He is a terror to evil doers, and he has ferreted out these child traps, and intends to prosecute the proprietors. Cheer him on. It takes and will continue to take just that kind of vigilance and energy on the part of good people to save this country from its sins.

Following the Flag

One of the great questions of current American statesmanship is, whether or not the Constitution follows the flag. We are not at all competent to deliver a valuable opinion on this subject, but we venture to suggest that it would hardly be any worse than the saloon, which seems to be trotting after the flag wherever it goes, and to a good many other places besides. The Constitution guarantees equal rights, while the saloon guarantees damnation. Take your choice. By the way, this saloon illustrates one of the drawbacks of an elective, or popular government. It has votes, lots of them. It also has any quantity of money with which to buy votes, bribe electors, bribe legislators, bribe judges, and it is not at all too conscientious to do these very things. It enlists all the bullies and thugs to intimidate good men, and prevent them from making those efforts at civic reform which a decent citizenship demands. The public policy which has let this thing follow the flag into our new possessions is certainly not what the best citizens could wish it to be.

To Which Class?

Overland travelers in Norway occupy the same carriage. When riding on the level, there is no difference, but when the hills are reached, the driver exclaims, "First class passengers, keep your seats; second class passengers, get out and walk; third class passengers, get out and push."

This is the way things appear to be arranged in some churches. There are church members who sit still no matter how steep the grade, no matter how great the urgency for individual effort. They got on the gospel wagon with a view of riding comfortably to heaven, and they make a pretty heavy load. Again there are others who are satisfied, and act as if they had performed their whole duty, if they only manage to keep up with the procession. Don't expect to be carried up a steep grade, to be sure; willing to get out and walk, but as to pushing, why that's quite another matter. Then there can be seen in most churches a willing few who do the pushing. Useful church members they are, couldn't do without them at all, quite willing to applaud them, to holler hurrah, and all that; but wouldn't it be better to lend a hand and push? If everybody in the church was a pusher, we would hardly know when we got to the hills, the up grade. The law of co-operation in the